

## The Friend Of My Friends...

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# **The Friend Of My Friends...**

by [Asharyn](#)

## Summary

"Returning a porno that my significant other purchased only to end up being hit on by the clerk"-AU.

## Notes

Shameless smut. They're not related AT ALL during this work.

Kiryuin Satsuki- entrepreneur, CEO, martial arts extraordinaire- returning a pornographic film to an adult store.

Not hers, of course. She had continued to remind herself of that as she drove up to the establishment. Having retrieved the address for the place from a poorly hidden receipt she'd found in the trash. One too many microwaveable pizza boxes conspicuously piled atop it.

The blacked out glass door gave inwards with a pointedly boisterous chime. To which followed a quick, "Welcome!" from the woman seated at the counter. Strategically situated to block the view of the stores merchandise and funnel guests past it.

"Excuse me," Satsuki demanded, slamming the offending DVD onto the counter. The nontransparent plastic bag sticking to the slimy tack that had developed on her hand, "I need to return this."

The woman looked mildly irked at the tone in Satsuki's voice. Placing the magazine she had been riveted to down before looking up. Her mouth slightly ajar, poised to spit out a retort, and brow furrowed in clear disdain. But when their eyes locked, Satsuki watched as any bitterness the woman had melted away. Leaving her instead to quickly muss at her hair, attempting to smooth crazed black locks streaked with an errant stripe of red.

Satsuki angled her gaze away. Not wanting to make an uncomfortable situation any more so by studiously observing the clerk.

"Well, sure! Let's see here..." she reached into the bag that Satsuki had deposited before her and withdrew the DVD, "... though I don't think I recall you coming in here recently and purchasing-" she glanced quickly at the cover, "Cum Sluts Fourteen: Spring Break Edition."

It took all of Satsuki's willpower to not reach out and clamp the woman's mouth shut. Or take the DVD and incinerate it. Hell, there were even a few thoughts of burning the entire place to the ground. Herself included; completely out of spite. "That would be because it wasn't I who purchased it."

"No. No, you certainly did not." the woman had the nerve to seem amused as she fished through the bag for the receipt. "In fact, I know it wasn't you because I sold this DVD to Sanageyama last night."

As if to prove her point she laid the receipt out flat on the counter. Dragging her fingernail across it to circle a name at the bottom in gray. One Uzu Sanageyama, in fact. "My soon to be ex-boyfriend, I imagine."

"Whaaaaat?" she drug the word out playfully. Scooting her stool over a foot to the register. The scraping sound making Satsuki wish the woman had just stood up and moved to it instead. "C'mon Kiryuin. He ain't all that bad even if he does act like a doofus monkey at times."

Satsuki started at the mention of her name. Tightening her shoulders and angling her eyes ever so slightly before speaking. “You know of me?”

“Know you? Sorta hard when you’re on the big shot news at least once a month. Not to mention Sanageyama can’t shut the hell up about you but...” and she trailed off. Eyes wandering from Satsuki’s face, down to her chest, before trailing slowly back up, “... I think I’m startin’ to understand why he can’t get you off his mind.”

“Seems he speaks only of the good things to you.” The gall of the woman was utterly reprehensible. So much so that Satsuki had to conjure up the last bit of her patience not to blush- or leave her with a black eye. “You speak so much of me and yet I haven’t had the pleasure of even knowing your name. Seems your establishment doesn’t condone wearing name badges.”

“Heh, well. How could I resist telling such a gorgeous woman my name even if she might get me in trouble?” the woman winked, her fingers on one hand busy tapping away at the keyboard of the register while she extended her other to Satsuki, “Matoi Ryuko.”

“Oh?” Satsuki took her hand tentatively. Squeezing down on Ryuko’s fingers with bone-shattering potential. “The same Matoi Ryuko who dated both Jakuzure Nonon and Mankanshoku Mako?”

She wasn’t certain if the wheezed breath that left Ryuko’s mouth was from the handshake or her question. It had probably been both. “Eeeeh, yup. That’d be me.” Ryuko arched her brows and paused mid-typing to jam both her thumbs into her chest. An action dripping with sarcasm.

“So you would be the same Matoi Ryuko who brings pornographic movies to watch on the first date?” the tables had turned and Satsuki watched on as Ryuko’s face lit up at the accusation. The return completely forgotten in the wake of her embarrassment.

“What?! No! T-they told you about that?!” an amused snort escaped Satsuki’s nose as she watched Ryuko drop to a crouch behind the counter. Leaning over it just in time to witness as she buried her face in her palms.

“Please do try to recover sometime in the next ten minutes.” Ryuko returned to her feet, face still as bright as a tomato. A shade that Satsuki had to admit was rather attractive on her.

“Look.” her fingers had gone back to tacking away. “A porno first date is the greatest first date out there and I will continue to stick to it.” the receipt printer whirled to life, beginning to spit out a ticket. “You learn way more about a person when you watch a porno with ‘em then you do having dinner.”

“I hadn’t meant to offend.” Satsuki said. Voice edged with the slightest bit of mirth. She had been teased mercilessly enough by Ryuko that it only seemed fair to return it in kind. “After all, Nonon especially seemed fond of the... *activities* that took place during and after the film.”

"Uuuurgh! She is such a blabbermouth!" Ryuko ripped the receipt from the machine and pressed it down on the counter. Holding it flat while offering Satsuki a pen.

She took it from Ryuko with a grin. Signing her name on the line with all of the elegance that she would if it were a successful business contract. Satsuki wanted there to be no question at a later date that it had been her hand that had done the deed that night.

"So- uh. Look. Kiryuin." the tone in Ryuko's voice betrayed a certain amount of pleading that caused Satsuki to momentarily suspend her retreat from the store. When she looked up, Ryuko was scratching at the back of her neck, cerulean eyes flicking from the DVD to the receipt. "Would it be too much of me to ask yah to not break up with Uzu over this?"

"Yes." she answered the next beat.

"Okay, I get that. It's just that I think if you talked to him about it, he wouldn't be stupid enough to do it again. And if he was then, yah know. More power to yah." Satsuki despised the fact that Ryuko's statement had proved to shake her need for retribution on the matter. She had, after all, taken to returning it immediately after finding it. Resolving to end everything based off situation and ignoring the feelings of the other party. And though Ryuko was right, it did little to sway Satsuki's final opinion on the matter.

"Fine." then as she slid the receipt towards Ryuko a thought struck her. One that was equal parts playful and serious. "But if he does this again, that's it. Then when I come to return it we can share one of your 'porno first dates' that I've had the luxury of hearing so much about."

The words did their intended purpose. Causing Ryuko's face to turn another healthy shade of red and allowing Satsuki to escape from the store before she could recover.

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"Welcome!"

*Tup, tup, tup, THUNK.*

"You have *got* to be shittin' me."

Satsuki attempted to not bare her teeth in a crude frown. Palm still planted firmly against a DVD she had pressed against the countertop. With a groan, Ryuko set her magazine aside, already putting the pieces together.

"The one night I wasn't working..." Ryuko reached out and attempted to pry the merchandise out from under Satsuki's weight, "We were even out drinking last night! Like, when did he even have the time-" there was a pause as Ryuko stared off distantly, mouth partially agape, seemingly recalling an event. "Oh that little ass! I thought he went home!"

"Seems he did. Plus one." Satsuki nearly growled the words, finally allowing Ryuko to take the DVD.

“I honestly didn’t think he was this dumb.” for a moment the only sound in the store was that of Ryuko unwrapping the movie and receipt from the bag. “It even sounded like everything was goin’ good.”

“It... had been.” the softer tone in Satsuki’s voice was a betrayal of her typical stolidness. “Your advice proved valuable. Though I fear it may have been futile from the beginning.”

“So you’re really gonna break it off with him, huh?” Ryuko had already managed to complete the return. The sound of the printer scratching out a new receipt becoming the harbinger of a quickly approaching future.

“This debacle was hardly the first occurrence of doubt on the subject. Merely the catalyst of change.” Satsuki signed her name on the receipt with the same grace as a month before and paused the briefest of moments. Watching as Ryuko deposited it in the register, her cheeks slowly turning a shade of pink.

“So like. I haven’t forgotten what you said the last time you were in here, Kiryuin.” she scooted the stool close to the counter. Steepling her fingers together so she could rest her chin on them. Something that Satsuki figured had been a crude attempt at concealing her blush for the remainder of their conversation.

“And?” the truth had been that Satsuki had hardly been able to forget about it. Days would go at a time without her thinking of that conversation, only for a sour note between Sanageyama and herself to resurface the thought.

“I’ve been here before. Where you are and junk. And, like, I think it would be a good idea to give it some time?” the way Ryuko stumbled over her words left Satsuki both exasperated and endeared. She took a steadying breath before responding.

“In plain English, Matoi.”

“Euurgh, fine. Look. I don’t want to be that bro who dates their other bro’s lady immediately after they break up. I ain’t about that life.” The tone with which Ryuko spoke had Satsuki rolling her eyes.

“Then what is it you suggest?” Satsuki questioned. Watching as Ryuko blubbered her way through a few indeterminable words before settling on an appropriate response.

“Wait a few months. Then if yah still want that date come back and see me.” She plopped her hands down flat on the counter. Straddling the space around where Satsuki had settled her own.

“Matoi,” a faint smile slipped through Satsuki’s facade as she answered, “You seem to have your moments of clarity despite what Nonon and Mako make of your typical behavior.”

“Eh-” she flicked her wrist at Satsuki as she leaned back. The colour on her cheeks darkening despite the nonchalant air of her actions. “They just like to make me seem worse than I am.”

“Is that so?” Satsuki snorted softly. Slinging her purse over her shoulder before turning to exit the shop. “I’ll be back in three months then, Matoi Ryuko.”

“I’ll believe it when I see it, Kiryuin Satsuki!”

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Three months had passed before Satsuki returned to the adult store that Ryuko worked at. Though she had nearly forgotten the entire situation in the wake of a seasonal change in her businesses inventory. Something that took an unhealthy amount of time out of her sleeping schedule and demanded her near-constant attention. So when things had been put back in their proper order, she had nearly jumped out of her seat at the first mention of Sanageyama and Matoi. Startling Nonon and the other coffee-goers beside them so badly that Satsuki had to reimburse the couple for their drinks.

The times when she had gone to the shop before had been for a purpose based on sheer reprisal. Deep-seated fury enough to keep her from being embarrassed. But she had gone that time without those feelings; replaced with a bizarre giddiness instead. So that when she stomped up to the counter all she could bark out was a time, day, and place before exiting the moment after. Half-wondering if Ryuko had been able to make out her words at all.

So it was only fair that she was partially surprised when her doorbell rang on the appointed date. Only to open it and find Ryuko standing at the threshold to her loft, hair uncharacteristically well-groomed and hands occupied with plastic bags.

“Hard to believe this is actually happening.” she mused while taking a step to the side so Ryuko could enter.

“I still can’t believe you actually came to the shop to ask!” she responded. Pausing while depositing the bags onto a coffee table near the middle of the room. “Still can’t believe you really came to ask at all but I’m not about to look a gift horse in the mouth.”

“Oh? Were you really so enamored with the thought of me staying with Uzu?” Satsuki asked. Sitting down on the edge of her leather couch so she could rifle through the things Ryuko had brought.

“Erh...” looking up just in time she watched as Ryuko stood awkwardly for a moment. Her hand at the back of her head. Before sitting beside Satsuki and reaching for a particular bag in the bunch. “This is between us, ok? No tellin’ Nonon or anything. Pinky swear?” she extended her pinky finger to Satsuki who reciprocated with an eye roll and her own pinky.

“Promise. Now, do go on.”

“It’s not that I didn’t want you and Sanageyama to last. It just doesn’t discount the fact that I had never met you before you two started dating.” Ryuko found what she was looking for and offered a canned tea to Satsuki. She noted that it was one of her favorites, something she figured could hardly be a coincidence with their mutual connections.

“A circumstance that I have been told was not entirely our faults.”

“Oh, I know. Our friends seemed to think that if we ever met each other we’d potentially level half the city in our wake.” they paused so that Satsuki could take a sip from her drink while Ryuko retrieved a canned coffee and did the same, sighing out her pleasure after doing so. “Aaah, but yah know. I think they were just worried about the chemistry we’d have.”

Ryuko winked. The entire action sloppy from start to finish and Satsuki couldn’t help but feel her lips pulling into a smile. “Maybe they were right to keep us apart, then?”

“Maybe.” Ryuko grinned, before reaching out and retrieving the only black plastic bag in the bunch. “You ready for this?”

“Not entirely.” The banter they had participated in had almost been enough for Satsuki to forget what they had come together to do in the first place.

“We don’t have to if you don’t wanna.” Ryuko stated matter-of-factly. As she moved to set it back down on the table, Satsuki nudged her with one of her toes. Flicking her eyes in the direction of the remotes for the DVD player and television.

“Let’s get this over with, Matoi.”

“Don’t worry, Kiryuin. I brought only the finest for our viewing pleasures tonight. A real classic.” she set up the movie quickly before sitting back down on the couch. Kicking her high-tops off so she could sit cross-legged. “And yah know. If we’re gonna be watching a porn together you should probably just call me Ryuko from now on. Doesn’t get friendlier than this.”

“Fine then, Ryuko. Call me Satsuki.”

“Alright then, Sats! Let’s get this show on the road!” Satsuki groaned at the nickname as Ryuko settled in beside her. Hogging two thirds of the couch with her sprawled out form before beginning the *film*.

Nonon had recounted stories of her infamous first date with Matoi Ryuko a few times to Satsuki. Most of the information had been haphazardly bestowed between too many bottles of sake. Not enough meat to soak up the booze before things got sloppy all around. So Satsuki had figured that most, if not all, of the details had been genuine fabrications. Stories weaved to increase one’s appeal to others. But she was bemused that time to realize they hadn’t been. Not one bit.

Ryuko was a master at conversation. Managing to turn an incredibly cheesy adult film intro into actual talking points. Mentioning things like how she had an actual fondness for lemons, or the one time she had nearly gutted herself on a lawn rake when she was young. So about the time the, as she put it, “typical porno blowjob” rolled around, they had settled into a light-hearted conversation about Satsuki’s own career and lifestyle. The movie a distant noise in the background.

Until the couple on screen began to have actual intercourse. The sound enough to cause Satsuki to glance up out of curiosity. Her eyes immediately darting away after realizing what she was witnessing.



“Haha! Embarrassed?” Ryuko teased. Satsuki stared at Ryuko's feet, looking up at her with a scowl when she began to wiggle her toes to get Satsuki's attention.

“Of course not.”

“Oh? I'm not certain I believe you.”

Flicking her gaze back at the television had been enough to rope Satsuki into doing the same. Instantly regretting it when she realized it had been a psychological ploy to get her to look again.

“Hey, if you're embarrassed so badly you could always block the view.” And there it was. Word for word the exact line that Nonon had told Satsuki one drunken night a year prior. The very one that had led to a particularly sordid night of epic proportions. A statement that Satsuki had known would be said but had hoped would have been exaggerated in some form.

So when Satsuki looked back up at Ryuko with an eyebrow tilted knowingly, she was hardly surprised to see her with her arms opened welcomingly. Features set in puppy-dog pleading. Absolutely, disgustingly, excessive. Enough that it could be used to disguise Satsuki's own fervent need for physical contact as pity on Ryuko's part. After all, who would believe Satsuki so easily swayed on the first date? Certainly no one Ryuko would tell about it.

“See? Isn't that better?” with her ear pressed flat against the rise of Ryuko's sternum, Satsuki could hear her voice rumble in her chest. The utter potential of it quelled at the sudden intimacy between them. Satsuki dug her fingernails purposefully into the places where her hands had ended up. Beating back her own bodies heated responses while attempting to elicit the same from Ryuko.

“I don't know whether to be thankful or hate you right now.” Satsuki grumbled. Words muffled against the scarf Ryuko had around her neck.

“Why don't you kiss me and find out?”

Satsuki nearly laughed. Stifling the action instead by reaching up and grabbing Ryuko by both her ears and forcefully pressing their mouths together. The painful clack of their teeth completely ignored in favor of straightening their lips out. Reconnecting in between nips and soothing brushes of tongue. Only stopping when Satsuki threw one of her legs over Ryuko's midriff to straddle her. The surprise at her own eagerly wet core causing her to shudder to a halt.

“W-woah...” the dreamy edge to Ryuko's voice only added to the passionately disheveled look Satsuki had endowed her with. Fingers somehow having managed to bring utter chaos back to her dark locks while loosening the top three buttons of her red dress shirt. A perfect companion to the crimson streak of Ryuko's hair and the cherry stain of her lips.

Errant finger tips continued to loosen Ryuko's shirt further until they were able to brush completely down the chasm of her chest. Leaning forward, Satsuki made as if to kiss Ryuko again before slipping past the advance. Nipping harshly at the shell of her ear instead, and

taking a great amount of pride in the way Ryuko's hips bucked beneath her own. "Is that all you can manage, Ryuko?"

"Pro- probab-" Ryuko trembled beneath her. Though whether it had been from her words or the mischievous fingertips pinching at a pert nipple, Satsuki couldn't tell. Nor did she care.

"And here I had been told so much about the unerring Matoi Ryuko. Was Jakuzure incorrect about that detail after all?"

"No..." Ryuko groaned. Hands fumbling against Satsuki's sides until they slid down her thighs. Fingertips teasing at the edge of her skirt. "Nonon was just a fuckin' pushover."

"Should I take that as a compliment?"

"Sure, shit, knock yourself out! Just don't stop doing that with your hand!" in response, Satsuki squeezed down on the breast she had been fondling. Thumb and forefinger twisting the hardening tip at random intervals as she felt Ryuko squirm beneath her.

Leaning back she examined the state Ryuko was in a bit closer. Aware that Ryuko's palms had already started to slide the scant distance up her white stockings to where her legs were exposed. Fingernails tracing needy lines against Satsuki's flesh as she reached out to brush her thumb along Ryuko's lips. When she made an attempt to nip playfully at the invading digit, Satsuki took her bottom lip between thumb and fore knuckle. Tugging until she elicited a low growl from the woman beneath her.

Suggestively, Satsuki eyed the scarf around Ryuko's neck. Glancing back up to gauge Ryuko's reaction as she released her mouth and gripped both ends of the cotton fabric in her fist. Ryuko's eyes dilated in realization at Satsuki's antics, eyebrows perking excitedly just before she pulled suddenly at it. Drawing it completely taught around Ryuko's throat. She made no attempt to grab at it. Keeping her hands firmly planted against Satsuki's rump. Fingers gradually beginning to curl into her skin with the promise of the satisfying sting of fingernails to come. Satsuki had paused her other actions to completely watch Ryuko surrender. Her eyes sliding shut and throat straining a beautiful scarlet against the makeshift garrote.

It barely lasted ten seconds but as soon as Satsuki released her hold, Ryuko drew in a gasped breath. Reaching out in the blink of an eye to grab Satsuki by the back of her neck and drag her down into another sloppy kiss. As if that hadn't been enough to nearly knock the wind from Satsuki's lungs, Ryuko's other hand cupped tightly against her center. Fingers hooking in just right to part slicked folds through her panties and begin a fervent pattern from entrance to clitoris over and over again.

They paused when their mouths parted, eyes locking through hazy desire as the situation orientated itself. As if beginning to realize where her fingers had ended up, Ryuko's pace slowed to an excruciating crawl. Barely rocking against Satsuki's heat. It took everything she had not to grind back against the invading digits, already beginning to feel the coil inside her unwinding. "Okay, look. I've got a request."

“Right now?” Satsuki snarled. Fingers twitching back towards the scarf only for the sudden sensation of Ryuko’s digits touching her, unhindered by the material of her underwear, to shock her into silence.

“Yea, but,” and Ryuko slid her fingers effortlessly against Satsuki’s overflowing folds, “not right now. After this. Because like, I needed you to have gotten me off about five minutes ago.”

A witty remark had been about to roll from her tongue when Ryuko suddenly pulled away. Pushing Satsuki up and over, with hardly any effort, so that she was laid out on her back. Knees still parted around Ryuko’s waist as she watched her undo the rest of her dress shirt. Satsuki’s hands darted out to fumble at the belt and button on Ryuko’s jeans while she removed her shirt, scarf, and bra.

As soon as Ryuko had shimmied out of her jeans and underwear she reached out and slid her hands beneath Satsuki’s turtleneck. Encouraging her to take it off while she leaned down to suck and nip at the skin around her belly button. Once Satsuki had removed her shirt and laid back, Ryuko pressed her palms against each of her breasts. Fondling her through the scant material of her silk lace bra until Satsuki had nearly sat up and ripped it from her body herself. Thankfully, Ryuko took the heated glare she had been throwing as enough of a sign and removed it for her. Returning to Satsuki’s breasts with an overly eager mouth that took each of her nipples in before pulling and releasing with a satisfying *pop*.

“Up.” Ryuko commanded while she curled her fingers around the waist of Satsuki’s skirt. Pulling it, and her underwear, from her body once she lifted her hips from the couch. “Holy shit you are wet.”

“Then do something about it.” Satsuki spat the words with as much venom as she could muster.

“Yea, yea. Of course. You’re gonna love this.”

Her eyebrows screwed up questioningly at Ryuko’s comment. Baffled at what the insinuation could entail until Ryuko moved to straddle her thigh. Leaning down and leaving a trail of red bite marks from Satsuki’s breast to her shoulder as she lowered her sopping heat onto Satsuki’s skin. A sensation that had her hooking her ankle against the back of Ryuko’s leg. Attempting to press it tight against her own aching core.

As Ryuko moved forward to capture Satsuki’s lips with her own, their bodies clicked together just right. Like two pieces of a puzzle, and the shock that both of them felt was enough to break their mouths apart prematurely. Eyes locked on one another as Ryuko leaned back a fraction before pressing forward again. The flat of her knee colliding with Satsuki’s already engorged bud while Ryuko’s own rocked against the rise of her hip.

They unraveled atrociously fast. Bodies moving against each other. Breath intermingled in gasps for air. Watching the faintest reactions flit across each other’s faces as they both crumbled under the pleasure of it. All mixing together to a fever pitch until it sent Ryuko over the edge first. Her violent spasms and guttural moan of Satsuki’s name causing her to follow

closely in second. Nails scoring bloody lines down Ryuko's back to keep herself from howling in pleasure. A sensation she hadn't felt in far too long.

When they came back down, extremities limp and skin near glued to each other, it was to the sound of the protagonists on screen reaching their own lengthy and obnoxious high.

"Well ok then." Ryuko peeled herself, quite literally, from Satsuki's arms to grab the remote and pause the video. "That's enough of that."

"Lovely." The still view of a woman being taken from behind was hardly what Satsuki had cared to see.

"So, uh-" Ryuko nodded at the screen and placed the remote down before planting herself firmly between Satsuki's legs again.

"You had a request?" reaching out she traced up the length of Ryuko's left arm before tweaking her nipple slightly. Stamina and libido making a record comeback at the sight of a flustered and glowing Ryuko.

"Yea. So. Once upon a time I may have heard something I shouldn't have." Satsuki rolled her eyes and settled comfortably into the couch for a lengthy explanation.

"Okay."

"From Sanageyama."

"Okay."

"About a certain thing you two may have done at one point."

Satsuki narrowed her eyes at the suggestive tone in Ryuko's voice. "Okay?"

"So, uh, did you really, actually, totally, peg him?" the words left Ryuko's mouth so rapidly it took Satsuki a moment to comprehend them. When she did it took her another to recall the event at all.

"He told you about that?" she groaned. Using the back of one of her hands to shield her eyes from Ryuko.

"Oh, holy fuck you did, didn't you?"

"It was his idea." Satsuki stated matter-of-factly. Index finger on her free hand wagging at Ryuko.

"Oh man, oh man, dude, Satsuki. That's fuckin' awesome!" she pried Satsuki's hand from her face so that she was forced to look at Ryuko's grin. "How was it?"

Another eye roll before she responded. "If I told you I found it enjoyable would it have the potential of ruining the night?"

“What? Fuckin’ no way! Actually, that was sorta what I was hoping to hear.” Ryuko bent down, softly pressing her lips to some of the darker marks on Satsuki’s chest. An action that lessened some of the awkwardness from their conversation. “Do you still have that strap-on?”

“Of course.” she buried her fingers in Ryuko’s hair. Astonished at its softness as she massaged at Ryuko's scalp.

“You wanna fuck me in the ass with it?” Satsuki froze. Stopping what she had been doing as Ryuko looked up at her. A sloppy half-grin showing off the somehow attractive disarray of her teeth. So that Satsuki’s disbelief at the situation was only pronounced by the seeming doofus who had asked.

"Is that really what you want?"

“Sure. But only if you’re gonna like it. If you dig it, I’ll dig it. If not, there’s plenty other things we can do.” Despite the situation and their unseemly coupling, Satsuki could tell that Ryuko was being genuine. If things got precarious, she figured that backpedaling would be a viable option; nothing ventured, nothing gained.

"Fine." She shoed Ryuko from the couch before getting up and leading them down a dark hallway near the entrance. At the end, she opened a door into her room and flicked on the overhead light. Waiting impatiently for Ryuko to trot through, jeans in hand, before shutting it behind her. "What do you need those for?"

"These?" Ryuko lifted her pants up at the question while Satsuki moved to a chest by the foot of her four-poster bed. "I brought essentials."

"Oh?" she questioned. Barely paying attention as she rifled through the trunks contents. Eventually finding the plum coloured velvet bag she'd been searching for.

"Yep." she heard the groan of the box spring as Ryuko sat down on the edge of the mattress. Fingers rifling through the pockets of her jeans until she pulled out a handful of foil wrappers. "Lube and condoms."

"I have both of those things." Reaching into the bag, Satsuki removed a harness and dildo. Slipping them together then moving to slide her legs through the strapping only to have Ryuko grab her by the wrists and pull her to the bed.

"Yea. I figured you would. But yah know. I'm in your place. It's just courteous." she took the setup from Satsuki's hands. Setting it aside while guiding Satsuki to stand between her legs. "And there's no way I'm going to let you just get to business without a little pre-'thank you'."

"So eager to please?" Satsuki smirked, pushing at Ryuko's chest to force her down, only to have the momentum used against her. Ryuko rolled her to the side and quickly resumed loitering between her thighs.

"I'm not ashamed to admit it." their lips locked again. Hands moving to grope at anything they could on each other’s torsos as Ryuko progressively sank lower down Satsuki's body. "Plus, sorta been dying to do this since we met."

"That long, hm?" Satsuki mused. Fingers combing through Ryuko's hair as she buried her nose in the curls of Satsuki's pelvis. Leaving teasing kisses at the area right above her bud. "So patient you've been."

Ryuko chose to answer by burying her mouth hungrily against Satsuki's heat. Causing her to jump and writhe at the sensation. Ryuko dug her fingers into the handle of her hips. Keeping her from bucking away from the alternating sucking and swirl of her tongue. Satsuki kept her digits clutched to Ryuko's locks. Guiding her with faint tugs as well as the volume of the gasps that spilled from her parted lips.

Just as Ryuko had set a promising pace in all of the right places, she broke away. Causing Satsuki to sigh in frustration. But as she leaned up to rebuke Ryuko for her idiocy, she was met with a frustratingly charismatic grin and the eager press of fingers inside of her. The girth of those two digits already enough to cause the words to catch in her throat. Dying in the wake of a strained moan that turned high-pitched as Ryuko curled them inside of her. Beckoning against an especially sensitive spot that had Satsuki gripping at the sheets for fear of ripping Ryuko's hair out.

When Satsuki managed to open her eyes again, she was greeted with the smug gleam of Ryuko's stare. Taunting her for the actions she couldn't quell, before lowering her mouth back down. Lips seeking out Satsuki's sensitive clitoris to nip softly at it. Winking when Satsuki's body gave a hearty jolt at the action.

"You little-" the rest was lost to a loud sigh as Ryuko spread her fingers wide inside Satsuki.

"C'mon now. Don't be that way, Sats." Ryuko wiggled her tongue into drenched folds. Her arm beginning to set a slow but steady pace of pulling and pressing her fingers.

Satsuki eased a little. The promise Ryuko's fingers were making enough to quench her desperate thirst for the outcome. Allowing her to swallow back on her violent predilections in favour of enjoying the journey for once. Absentminded sighs slipped from her lips as she rocked her hips against the rhythm Ryuko was setting with her mouth and thrusts. Continuing to make heated eye contact while Ryuko pressed in different places across Satsuki's abdomen with her free hand. Brief pangs of pleasure following in unison to the curl and prod of the digits within her.

There hadn't been a time before, at least not to Satsuki's recollection, that she'd been worked so thoroughly to her peak. Especially not with the meticulous diligence that Ryuko used. Going at a cantered pace. Not too fast, to keep her from popping too soon, and not too slow, so that the throb and clench of her impending orgasm built on itself. Finally releasing after what seemed a vast amount of time, but leaving Satsuki's mind blank, her body heaving in ecstasy. Vision tinged with grey blotches. So that even after Ryuko had slipped her fingers from her and slid up the length of Satsuki's body to lay beside her, she was still panting and fighting back unconsciousness.

Tilting her head slightly to the side, she caught Ryuko gazing at her wistfully. The tips of their noses nearly touching while Ryuko brushed her fingers gently through Satsuki's bangs. Waiting patiently for her.

"Take your time." Ryuko said. Words soft and comforting as she gently moved her fingers to massaging tight circles against the back of Satsuki's neck.

"I'm fine now." she pressed her lips lightly against Ryuko's. Kissing her tenderly before sitting up and stretching her back till it popped.

"Ready for this?" Ryuko asked. Satsuki grabbed the harness and stood up. Sliding it on and tightening it as she watched Ryuko grab two of the packets.

"Yes. Are you?" when she moved close, Satsuki reached out and cupped her jaw. Checking her reactions carefully.

"Shit. I'm so fucking excited. You've got no idea." Even with their eyes on each other, Satsuki could still feel Ryuko unrolling a condom onto the dildo. Features set in a dopey grin and chin still slick with Satsuki's essence. She ran her thumb across it, cleaning as much as she could before offering it to Ryuko who took it wantonly into her mouth. Swirling her tongue around the digit for good measure in a way that had Satsuki's head swimming.

"Move." the commanding tone in Satsuki's voice had Ryuko eagerly backing up on the bed. Laying back against the pile of pillows near the headboard.

Grabbing her by the ankles, Satsuki drug her back down so she was flat against the mattress. Pulling until Ryuko's buttocks was propped up on her thighs. She plucked the second packet from Ryuko's palm. Tearing the corner of it off so she could spread the lube across the sizable girth of the dildo. Smearing the extra against her fingers so she could massage it against Ryuko's puckered butthole before gently easing in a single finger. Loosening the tense muscles that clamped around it. Ryuko groaned a little but relaxed. Her eyes focused on Satsuki's movements as she continued to work at it carefully. Not wanting to cause Ryuko any unwarranted pain if it wasn't necessary.

"Are you alright?" Satsuki inquired as she inserted a second finger. Watching as Ryuko bit at her bottom lip before nodding. Her arm reaching out so she could trace the tips of her fingers against the hand that Satsuki had left idle on her thigh.

"Yea. Don't worry so much about me. I'll tell you if something comes up." In the slightest of gestures, Ryuko entwined their fingers. Squeezing softly before letting go so she could palm at her own breasts. A sight that Satsuki welcomed with a flash of teeth and a curt kiss to the inside of Ryuko's knee.

Removing her fingers, she sidled forward a bit. The dildo coming to a rest against Ryuko's engorged clitoris. Satsuki pressed it firmly against her bud, eliciting a soft gasp, before tracing the tip of the member down a bit. Prodding suggestively against Ryuko's entrance for a moment. Watching as it nearly gave and encompassed the entire head before pulling away and moving further down. Slipping the tip of the dildo into Ryuko's bum as carefully as she could.

There had been surprisingly little resistance to its entrance. Satsuki continued to keep her eyes locked with Ryuko's. Pushing forward slightly every time she nodded her head in

confirmation. Until the entire member was buried to the hilt and Ryuko groaned in satisfaction. “God that feels fuckin’ awesome.”

“Oh?” Satsuki smirked at the comment. Watching as Ryuko shifted her hips ever so slightly to lock her ankles against the middle of Satsuki’s back. Without a word, she reached out and took Satsuki’s clean hand in her own. Guiding it till Satsuki’s fingers were pressing against her nub. She took the hint and began to trace tight circles against it.

“Y-mmm-you can move now.” Ryuko managed between increasing moans.

Satsuki nodded before sliding her hips back, nearly extricating the whole dildo from inside Ryuko’s body, before slipping it back in. Causing her to gasp loudly, one of her hands relinquishing its duty at her breast to dig her fingernails into Satsuki’s thigh. Ryuko nodded her head frantically. A signal that Satsuki interpreted as a need for her to pick up the pace. Something she would’ve postponed had it not been for the growing desperation in Ryuko’s eyes and her own thorough satisfaction from her prior orgasm.

At first, the muscles around the dildo were still too taut for Satsuki to work at the pace she had wanted. Having to wait a few minutes as she idled at a gentle in-and-out motion. Once the pressure eased, though, she gladly pulled back entirely before slamming it fully inside of Ryuko’s body. Garnering a pathetic scream from her that only enticed Satsuki into wanting to hear it a couple hundred more times. Picking up her thrusts to a rhythm that had sweat beginning to bead on her forehead. Ryuko’s near continuous grunts and moans egging her on despite the burning sensation in her toes and thighs.

As Ryuko began to get close to her end, Satsuki gripped her leg fully against her. Keeping her from squirming away as she continued to plow into her. Angling the hand that she had been using to rub fervently against Ryuko’s bud so that she could bury three fingers up to the knuckle inside of Ryuko’s sopping vagina. The action in itself causing Ryuko to shudder to a halt, her mouth agape in a silent scream, as her orgasm took her fully.

But Satsuki still didn’t stop. She continued to work her pelvis, thumb, and fingers relentlessly. Forcing Ryuko to gasp for air between long strings of screamed expletives and the mangled chord of Satsuki’s name. So that by the time Satsuki began to slow to a stop, she was certain that Ryuko had yelled to a point that her vocal chords had given out. Her eyes lolling back in her skull in the telltale signs of her beginning to pass out from exertion. She waited for Ryuko to come back around. Her fingers, and the dildo, still buried inside the other woman.

“Holy fuck, where am I?” Ryuko blinked multiple times before focusing on Satsuki. A lopsided grin starting to form on her face.

“Please don’t joke like that.” she frowned. Reaching out to place her unoccupied hand against Ryuko’s defined stomach. “Are you okay?”

“Am I okay, she asks.” burbling laughter started to escape Ryuko’s mouth. Ending in a high-pitched wail as she rolled out of Satsuki’s lap, removing everything that had been inside of her rather unceremoniously. “Oh fuck shit that was a *terrible* idea.”



“What? The intercourse or what you just did?” when it became obvious that Ryuko wasn’t about to move, Satsuki stood from the bed. Removing the harness and the condom from the dildo before returning to where Ryuko was. Pressing her entire body against Ryuko’s back so she could leave open mouth kisses against her shoulder blades.

“That fuckin’ sex was awesome.” Ryuko turned slightly so she could bump her forehead against Satsuki’s. “Just give me a second, though, I ain’t done with you yet.”

Satsuki quirked her eyebrow playfully. “Is that so?”

“Tch. You didn’t really think we’d only go a handful of times, did you?” leaning forward, Satsuki captured Ryuko’s lips. Slipping her tongue into Ryuko’s mouth, only to have the taste of her own sex greet her senses. Arousing her again completely.

“We shall see if you can truly keep up with me, Matoi Ryuko.” Ryuko smirked before rolling away to lay on her back. Beckoning to Satsuki with the curl of her index finger.

“That we will, Kiryuin Satsuki.” grabbing her by the hips, Ryuko began to pull her close. “Here, I think I’ve got the perfect seat for yah.” she continued to move her until Satsuki was straddling her face, a grin on her lips as she slowly began to lower herself to Ryuko’s awaiting mouth.

“You know, I’m starting to think you may have been speaking the truth earlier,” Satsuki gasped as Ryuko’s lips clamped around her heat, tongue exploring through her folds to tease her entrance. “The chemistry between us is baffling.”

The laugh that Ryuko gave was completely through her nose. Eyes crinkling at the edges in delight as she continued to take thorough licks at Satsuki’s sex. Palms running up her sides and stomach as Satsuki began to grind with the motions. Bracing herself with Ryuko’s forearms so she didn’t put too much weight on her chin. Already beginning to reach her climax even though they had just started.

Satsuki couldn’t have been happier that Sanageyama had chosen to purchase that porno.

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